

One Thousand Seven Hundred and Fifty Nine :

A

P O E M,

INSCRIBED TO

Every BRITON who bore a Part in the Service of that
distinguished YEAR.

*Hæ tibi erunt Artes, pacique imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, & debellare superbos.*

VIRG. ÆN. Lib vi.



L O N D O N,

Printed for R. BALDWIN, in *Pater-noster* Row.

MDCCLX.

One Thousand Seven Hundred and Fifty Nine

P O E M

INSCRIBED TO

FRANCIS BILTON who bore a Part in the Service of the
Kingdom 1 YEAR

By the Hon. the Lord of the Treasury
and the Hon. the Lord of the Admiralty
in the Year 1759



L O W D O N

Printed for R. Baldwin in Strand near St. Dunstons Church
MDCCLX



One Thousand Seven Hundred and Fifty Nine :

A
P O E M.

SILENCE, ye *Gallick* Bards! your harps unstring;
 With mournful cypress bind the Muse's wing.
 The sacred Nine, now warm'd with nobler fires
 Than what the thirst of pow'r or blood inspires,
 Shock'd at the scenes which false Ambition fills,
 The waste of countries, and *Germania's* ills,
 To *Britain's* Sons now wake the glorious Song;
 To *Britain's* Sons the glorious notes belong.
 To sing their meed th' enraptur'd Virgins soar,
 And quit the Tyrant's court for Freedom's shore.
 O heav'n-born Freedom! O celestial maid!
 The nerve thou bracest feels thy sov'reign aid:
 So strong thy precepts, so divinely warm'd,
 The soul that wants them is but half inform'd.

Here

B

But

But---when the bard would draw the Heav'n-struck plan,
 And to the world display the Patriot man,
 'Tis not the birthright, or the name alone,
 That warrants here the claim of *Albion's* Son ;
 No---to the noble priv'lege he must add
 What *PUBLIUS* never meant, or *NASO* had ;
 Join, to his ardor for the Common-weal,
 A love for Virtue, for Religion---zeal ;
 Feel for the subject's wrong, his right defend ;
 And make that glory his peculiar end.

Such are the genuine marks of Freedom's Sons ;
 And such, O *PITT* ! in thee thy country owns.
 Rous'd at thy call, and succour'd by thy hand,
Britannia rises to a new command :
 Secur'd at home from Ministerial broil,
 Through boist'rous seas she courts the distant foil ;
 While faithless *Gauls* repent the bleeding wrong,
 And wonder where her Spirit slept so long.

Sacred to *PITT*,---to Liberty,---and Fame,
 The Seaman's honour,---and the Soldier's name,
 Hail, virtuous period ! memorable *YEAR* !
 So bright in Council !---and in Arms so clear !
 Illustrious subject for th' Historic page !
 Unrivall'd yet through *Albion's* noblest age.
 When her fam'd Sons, on *Africk's* parched shore,
 'Gainst *Goree's* tow'rs first bid their cannon roar,
 In vain the fultry sky and Sun-burnt foil
 Oppose the progress of the gen'rous toil.

Here

Here gallant KEPPEL, though a boy in years,
 A sage in action, and in war, appears :
 See the brisk ball, pour'd from his squadron's side,
 Hurl dire destruction, spreading far and wide !
 Such emulation does the fleet inspire,
 The torrid clime grows hotter by their fire :
 The trembling *French*, unable to sustain
 Such thunder from the Rulers of the Main,
 Implore the mercy of the *Briton's* sword,
 Mercy---of *Britons* ne'er in vain implor'd :
 Fell slaughter ceases,---*Gallia's* standard falls,
 And *Albion's* colours wave from *Goree's* walls.

In *Asia* next---see POCOCK's swelling sail
 Unconquer'd bend to th' aromatic gale !
 Long train'd by service to the rank he bears,
 He merits all the honours that he wears ;
 His Country's Bulwark,---and the Seaman's Boast,
 The great Protector of the Spicy Coast.
 Where-e'er his fleet the *Gallick* squadrons spy,
 Before his fleet the *Gallick* squadrons fly ;
 The shatter'd foe renews the fight in vain,
 And D'APCHE to Pocock yields the *Indian* Main.

From *Africk's* waste---and *Asia's* fragrant sky,
 To where COLUMBUS built a fame so high,
 Where RALEIGH too the gen'rous toil pursu'd,
 And rais'd a name as glorious, and as good,
 To great *America's* embattled field,
 The Nine, now summon'd, their obedience yield :

But, ere they sing of War, and war's alarms,
 And Freedom trampling upon tyrant arms,
 To your lov'd *Manes*, O illustrious Pair!
 Let their fond breasts the grateful tribute bear.
 Great Shades of Patriots! acting, when alive,
 With all the vigour Virtue e'er could give;
 Born to explore new worlds, command success;
 Equal in glory---equal in distress:
 Alike in fate---by Faction's voice borne down,
 Alike destroy'd by each ungrateful Crown;
 With this small difference to the honour'd grave,
 One---by a fool,---the other---by a knave.
 Rise, indignation, rise!--But now the Bard
 Must quit th' accursed Court where no reward
 Awaits the Sons of Merit,---fondly led
 To trace the Hero through the laurel'd bed,
 Through the wild waste where lurking *Indians* wound,
 To where the *Caribbean* plants the ground.
 From North to South, from continent to isle,
 Where *Frenchmen* shudder,---and where *Britons* smile,
 From *Fort du Quesne* to *Guadaloupe*, admire
 The one's weak efforts---and the other's fire!
 See AMHERST, WOLFE, and BARRINGTON, sustain
 The weight and lustre of the Great Campaign!
 See the strong Bulwarks on th' *Ohio* fall,
 By AMHERST ravish'd from th' encroaching *Gaul*!
 See *Guadaloupe*,---(fair Monument of Fame!)
 Of BARRINGTON exalt the glorious name!
 See the proud Cap'tal of *Canadia's* Coast
 Reward the merit of another Host!

Where

Where the brave WOLFE resigns his Patriot breath,
 Immortal render'd by so great a death.
 See the fam'd SAUNDERS, too, triumphant ride
 Within the bosom of *Laurentia's* tide !
 So great a Seaman, with such Virtue arm'd,
 And in his Country's Cause so nobly warm'd,
 That here his former actions lose their force,
 Though round the world he shap'd his arduous course.
 Nor yet, O MOORE ! shall thy assiduous care,
 Thy active spirit, and thy zeal in war,
 Be left unsung, while o'er the Western world
 The Muse surveys *Britannia's* vengeance hurl'd :
 Oh no !---of *Albion* thou distinguish'd Son !
 Thy useful pow'r Great BARRINGTON will own :
 'Twas thine---thy squadron's thunder to display,
 The first assailant on that glorious day ;
 'Twas thine---when Vict'ry bless'd the Hero's toil,
 To guard the conquest, and protect the Isle.

Here would proud *Gallia* check the Muse's wing,
 And spare the future blushes of her King ;
 Draw the dark veil o'er the unfinish'd Year,
 Which big with *British* laurels must appear ;
 While Great BOSCAWEN rules th' *European* Main,
 And *Minden's* field is cover'd o'er with slain.
 See where the fam'd DE CLUE, with squadron gay,
 Steals through the Streight, and skulks along the sea !
 But neither Neutral shore, nor gale upblown,
 Can save his Master's honour, or his own.

The

The signal made--the *Gallick* fleet descry'd,
 See through the Gut the brave *Boscawen* glide!
 In *Europe's* Cause--abroad is ev'ry sail,
 And trembling masts confess the fresh'ning gale:
 Nor long the chace--from off *Cape Lagos*, see!
 The rival fleets contend for victory.
 The battle rings,--afflicted *Ocean* roars,
 And *British* peals affright the neighb'ring shores!
 Now falling yards, and rigging all in flame,
 Confound the *Gaul*, and raise the *Briton's* fame;
 While Death on ev'ry *English* broadside stands,
 Directs the slaughter, and his prey demands.
 No hope remains, to cheer th' expiring foe;
 With *Gallick* gore the *Gallick* scuppers flow:
 Not all his art the fainting *Gaul* can save
 From *Britain's* vengeance, or the gaping wave.
 Hail, Naval Chief! with Patriot Virtue crown'd!
 Nor seas, nor climes, thy gen'rous ardor bound!
Lagos and *Louisbourg*, alternate, raise
 The Muse's tribute, and thy Country's praise.
 Nor, O *Germania*! shall thy ravish'd lands,
 Thy children butcher'd by inhuman bands,
 The groan of father,--or the mother's tear,
 Be unreveng'd through this illustrious Year:
 No; in thy injur'd--in thy bleeding Cause,
 See *Britons* meriting thy just applause!
 On *Minden's* plains--behold the chosen Band
 Controul thy long-lamented Master's hand!
 See *CONTADES'* troops, all gaudy in attire,
 Ignobly falling by a *British* fire!

See, too, bestrew'd upon the crimson plain,
 Arms, legs, and broken spears, and piles of slain;
 Helmets, and headless trunks in armour clad!
 Too weak their efforts in a cause so bad;
 Too black,---too guilty,---longer to prevail:
 The sword of Freedom turns the Tyrant's scale.
 O envy'd *Britons*!--how will th' after age
 Admire and glory in the brilliant page;
 When the strong lines the father's fame shall shew,
 And teach the son---what One Great Day can do;
 At once command Great FERDINAND's applause,
 And to *Westphalia* too restore her Laws!

See now the *Gaul* distress'd on ev'ry side,
 Baffled in arms,---and humbled in his pride!
 No more he calls on succ'ring Gods above,
 (Freedom, and Freedom's Cause, those Gods approve)
 But, madly wild,---flies to th' Infernal Shade,
 And wakes the raging Furies to his aid;
 Bids them let loose Invasion's wasting hand,
 To glut his vengeance on *Britannia's* Land.
 No mercy now his boiling wrath restrains;
 And Liberty must grace the Victor's chains.
 See on the Strand D'AIGUILLON's forces meet,
 While CONFLANS leads from *Brest* the mighty fleet!
 But, Oh! deluded Admiral,---no more
 The *Royal Sun* shall bear thee to the shore:
 See from the Bay the glorious HAWKE advance,
 To crush once more the Naval Pride of *France*!

See,

See, too, thy boasted squadron crowd away,
 To render less compleat the brilliant day !
 But part on rocks,---part sunk,---and part in flame,
 Bespeak his merit, and proclaim thy shame.
 O HAWKE !---what laurels had thy virtue gain'd,
 Had threat'ning *Gauls* a gen'ral fight maintain'd !
 Great as they are, thy country cannot pay
 Too loud a praise to that distinguish'd day.
 'Twas thine,---when *Britain* felt the dire alarm,
 To guard her coasts, and shelter her from harm ;
 'Twas thine,---when fell Invasion plough'd the sea,
 To stem the danger, and maintain her free.

From Arms, and glorious arms, the Muse descends
 To hail the Union of domestic friends ;
 Blessing---reserv'd for this distinguish'd Year,
 To *France* as grating, as to *England* dear !
 No party now distracts the public care ;
 No breath of Faction taints the ambient air ;
 No whisper, murmur, bickering, or hate ;
 No tear, O WOLFE ! but for thy early fate,
 Which ever from thy Country's eye must fall,
 Whene'er she does thy genuine worth recall.
 So strong the Union in *Britannia's* Cause,
 PUBLIUS and NASO join the loud applause,
 Pleas'd at the light in which their Country stands,
 From other councils, and from abler hands.
 No Motion now---but what the House applauds !
 No Speech---but what the gen'rous Nation lauds !

Mark

Mark on what basis Publick Credit stands !
 How soon the People arm the Statesman's hands !
 Eight Millions voted,---and Eight Millions paid,
 Ere the bright Sun his annual course has made !
 Nor does the great---the warm supply alone
 Distinguish here the breast of *Albion's* Son :
 No---through the round of this unrivall'd Year,
 His higher character will yet appear.
 See on *Britannia's* shore the Captive stand
 Despoil'd,---and ravish'd from his Native land ! *
 See him abandon'd by an impious Court,
 A prey to Famine,---and of Want the sport !
 Naked and shiv'ring to the Winter's sky,
 His bed---a prison,---and no kindred nigh !
 What though the Slave of *France*,---and Freedom's foe,---
 The plague of *Albion*,---and of *Europe* too ;
 Yet see the *Briton*,---in such Virtue bold,
 As warm'd the good *Samaritan* of old,---
 See him at once his Country's wrongs forget,
 The rage of *RICHLIEU*,---and mad *BROGLIO's* threat !
 See him the bread of Charity extend,
 And from the midnight-dews his limbs defend !
 See, under all his bonds, the Captive sing,
 And *Britain's* bounties shame the Christian King !

Nor yet the Muse must close the glorious Song ;
 To other notes the *British* Lyre is strung.
 See *Rome*, imperious *Rome* ! with bended knee
 Confess herself the friend to Liberty ;

* These lines allude to the humane and charitable relief of the *French* Prisoners.

On *Ireland's* shore address the Viceroy's throne,
 And beg to make *Britannia's* Cause her own !
 While CÆSAR, — Monument of lasting Fame,
 The Prop and Comfort of the Christian Name,
 'Midst all the spoils of this successful Year,
 When *Britons* in such native worth appear,
 Looks down with pity on the bleeding foe,
 And tenders, unimplor'd, the Olive bough :
 Mild in success, and merciful in arms,
 The world's fought Peace his God-like bosom warms,
 And, like the common Parent of Mankind,
 In one firm bond would ev'ry Nation bind.

* Alluding to the loyal addresses of the Roman Catholicks in *Ireland*.

The E N D.